

# Long Island's Famous Gentlewoman Farmer.

Mrs. Willet Loves the Soil, Tills It as Few Men Can Do, and Reads Manifold Lessons in Nature's Book.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Beans and bells and cabbages,  
And little birds all in a row.

It was impossible to banish from my mind the jingling old nursery rhyme as I walked among the hills and between the neat rows of Mrs. Willet's garden.

Mrs. Taber Willet is a new woman farmer, who manipulates a farm of 250 acres at Roslyn, L. I., with such success that she is the envy of every farmer for miles around. Every acre of the farm is utilized, and each acre is planted with the crop best calculated to thrive in that particular soil. Mrs. Willet calls herself a scientific farmer, and the beautiful appearance of her farm well supports her statement.

Not a great, stout woman of the diamond type is this Long Island farmer, but a small, lithe, wiry little body with a deal of energy, vitality and native push. When I drove out to her farm last week she came around the porch to meet me, a pleasant little person enveloped from head to foot in a blue jean frock. She has kindly brown eyes, and a face which somehow tan and freckles have not deprived of its sweetness.

"Do I run this farm?" she repeated after me. "Well, I do the best I can. Want you come in?" and Mrs. Willet led the way through a wide, old-fashioned hall, with immense open fireplaces on either side, to a quaint room furnished with spindle-legged chairs and tables, upholstered in span clean wash goods of a Delft pattern.

"How did you come to be a farmer, Mrs. Willet?"

"Why, I was born a farmer," she answered, promptly. "It is just like every other vocation. Farmers are born, not made."

"Then you didn't go into farming purely and simply as an investment, as a means of making the best possible interest on your money?"

Mrs. Willet laughed. "It would have been a very investment if I had," she replied. "I cannot fancy anything more pathetic than a city-bred person, with a cultivated taste for the city's artificial noise and glitter and mode of living, coming into the country to commune with nature and work a farm. They seldom if ever are successful, for the taste for barn yard noises must be cultivated early in youth, and the knowledge of those thousands of details which the farmer boy gains unawares in his infancy is the secret of a city man's failure at farming."

"But women, Mrs. Willet—don't they extraordinary for a woman to manage a big farm, as you are doing here?"

"Well, because it's seldom heard of," she replied. "Ah, that is another matter; but whether it is heard of and understood or not, it is a most ordinary occurrence. Did you ever know of a bachelor who was a successful farmer? Isn't it always the married men, who have wives to manage and counsel and work, that own flourishing farms? Don't nine out of every ten of your wealthy men support their husbands? Your dressmakers are often in the same predicament, and your shop girls and female clerks, eight out of every ten, are they not supporting their mothers and fathers or sisters and brothers? Who is it, in almost every instance, that by patient toil and self-sacrifice pays off the mortgage on the farm? The wife of the farmer and the mother of his family."

"You speak of a new woman farmer, a new woman this and a new woman that. There are no new women, but there are new men; for they are beginning to recognize the worth of women, and to acknowledge it. Women are the same as they always have been, only the sudden opening of the world's eyes to their power has given them courage to strike out and conquer new fields."

I was surprised at the eloquence I had found in a farmhouse, and made bold to say so. Mrs. Willet tapped her foot on the rug carpet—it was a surprisingly little foot for a farmer-lady—and said impatiently: "How little you city women know of your country sisters. Why should there be no education and refinement on a farm? Indeed, it is the very place for the advancement of these things, for during the long winter evenings, when you city women spend in frivolity, the inmates of the farmhouse are gathered about the hearth, exchanging thoughts and ideas, getting near to each other's hearts with a nearness, city people are utterly ignorant of, following literary and scientific researches to an extent which lack of time will forbid to city people."

Mrs. Willet walked to the other side of the room and tapped on the glass doors of an immense book case which extended from end to end of the wall.

"These are my farming friends," she said, laughing, and then she assured me that every work on scientific farming worth having found the way to her shelves.

"It's the only way to farm," she said positively, "for when a farmer gets behind the times he loses his profits."

"Then there are profits?" I asked, following my hostess into the gardens. Current literature had led me to believe the only profits in farming are the good it does to humanity. But Mrs. Willet spoiled the illusion.

"There is just as much profit in farming as ever," she replied emphatically, "and even more, for modern machinery and implements have reduced the work to a minimum. The farm of to-day is like a great factory, and instead of requiring competent hands to turn out hard work, in many cases it only requires raw hands to see that the wheels go round. Of course, I admit that the hard times have affected the market and the prices some, and the farmer who is plodding away with his hands, without proper implements and machinery, with a heavy mortgage weighing him down, must have a hard time of it. But the trouble with the ordinary farmer is that he's been doing things in the old way all his life and he's stubborn enough

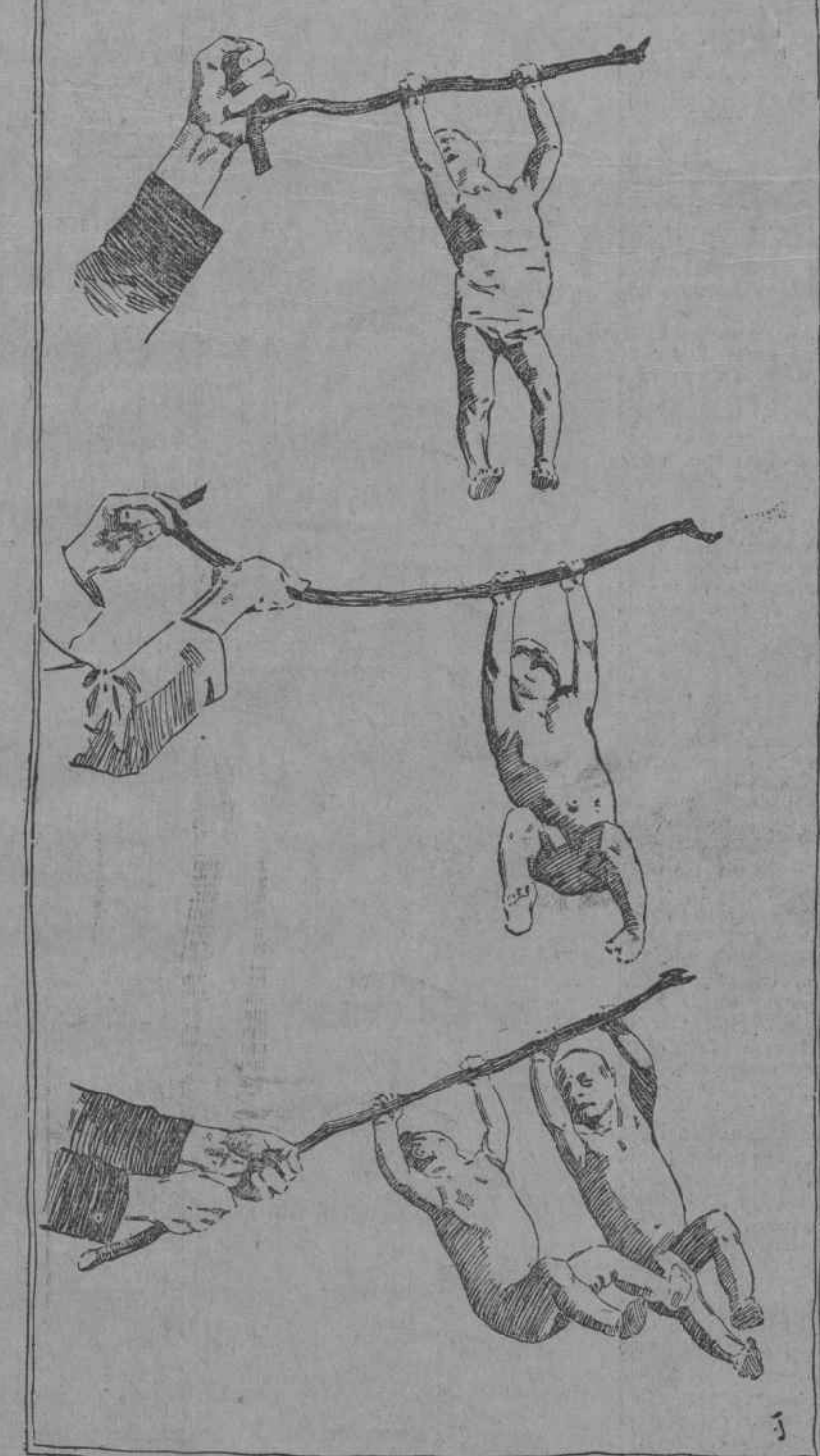
to say that the ways of his fathers are good enough for him."

We walked to the edge of the well-kept lawn and looked beyond over the fields of cabbages, turnips, beets and garden truck. Beyond these the broad stretch of potato patches spread out, and still further on were the fields of rye and buckwheat, with great stacks of new-mown hay rising in the distance. It was the most beautiful expanse of cultivated land I have ever seen, and I forgave Mrs. Willet the proud little smile I caught when I said "Ah," and inhaled a long breath of the sweet scented air. Men were working all over the fields. From the even, parallel rows of cabbages to the hay fields away beyond, where they were pitching and loading.

"Do you manage this all yourself?" I asked, in amazement.

"Yes, indeed," said the happy little farmer, "and besides the managing and

At the American Association meeting at



## SHOWING MONKEY-LIKE TENDENCIES OF BABIES.

calculating and bookkeeping of the farm I find time for many other occupations that are not prompted by the cause of duty. "See here," she said, leading me through a narrow path that opened into a circle, "this is one of them." There were at least a hundred rose bushes of different species around the edge of the circle, and in the centre was a group of rare white rose bushes, which, Mrs. Willet assured me made big inroads on her time and favor. Even while she talked her big self-sissors were busy snipping dead bits off her favorite bush. I remarked that they seemed flourishing, and the little farmer acknowledged with pleasure that they were. "Like everything else," she added, "that is cared for by hands that love it."

Then she showed me her dogs and horses, all of which were thoroughbred. Indeed, I was assured that everything on this well-kept farm was thoroughbred, even to the cabbages, which were of extra large, fine quality, and the hens, which were of the famous "Buff Cochins" breed, of a beautiful buff color, with impressive sandy Vandikes growing on their ankles.

"A year ago," said Mrs. Willet, "I had about the largest yard of thoroughbred Guernsey cattle in the States, and I used to make all the butter and attend to the large share of the milking. There were over fifty of them. Here is the little dairy house where I did the churning."

It was a dainty little stone building, containing one room, with rows of shelves all about, where the shining milk pans sat and churns of all descriptions stood about. The tender little farmer had kept them for me of remembrance's sake, though new machines have supplanted them in practical use.

"I've sold the cattle since," she said, "for I had a good offer, and while it has relieved me of a great care, it has also relieved me of a lot of friends I had learned to love. It's all very well to smile," she said, looking up quickly, "and it may seem incredible to you, but it is just as natural for me to love my cattle and dogs and rose bushes, and all the things of nature, which to you are inanimate, but to me so human, as it is for you to love humanity. And my friends are just as responsive, and a deal more faithful, too," she added, stooping to pat the head of a big greyhound, which licked her hand in return.

"Do you believe women are as capable to manage farms as men are, Mrs. Willet?" "Indeed, I do," was the quick reply. "Sex makes no difference. Women who work on farms become as healthy and rugged as men. Then they have more patience, and the power to adapt themselves more readily, and their dispositions are such that they grow to love their work in the fields, because it brings them nearer to Nature, and their work is a constant reminder of the goodness of their Maker. I have done everything that can be done upon a farm, from hoeing potatoes to stacking hay, and there was no task, however heavy, but was lightened by the thought of His touch having been there before."

Truly, this was a wonderful little woman, in stature so small, yet in soul so big that she would elevate potato hoeing to one of the arts.

"Of course," she said, thoughtfully, "there are plenty of women who could not be successful farmers, as there are plenty of men; and, indeed, if we were all fitted to be farmers, it would be a most unfortunate predicament. We may put a palette and brush in any one's hand, but it does not follow that a painting will be the outcome. If a woman loves farming enough to make a success of it, she'll manage to get a farm somehow, and when she does get it, you may be sure she'll make it pay."

Then a little pickaninny drove around with one of Mrs. Willet's thoroughbreds, and Long Island's first successful woman farmer waved her hand till we were out of sight.

LAVINIA HART.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

Remains of a Magnificent City in Guatemala.

A Palace One Hundred and Ninety Feet Long.

At the American Association meeting at



## NEW LIGHTS ON BABIES.

Experiments of an English Scientist Show

Arboreal Instincts.

Dr. Louis Robinson, the eminent English student of child life, has been making some experiments with babies that tend to strengthen the belief entertained by many people that we are all descended from monkeys. He finds that the first impulses of a baby are monkey-like.

He has compared young monkeys with babies, and he finds a strong resemblance in the muscular action of each. Some curious results were obtained by Dr. Robinson in a series of photographs taken by him, showing an instinctive impulse in babies to grasp a stick.

When the hands of the baby seize upon an object of this kind, the feet exhibit a sympathetic movement precisely as do those of a monkey, which, when fully grown, can use its feet for climbing almost as easily as its hands. Dr. Robinson says that his "experiments have shown that the titillation of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet of young infants at once sets to work the grasping muscles of the fingers and toes, which in the new-born ape are so vitally necessary in enabling it to cling to its dam"—as the mother ape passes from bough to bough of a tree in escaping from an enemy or in search of food.

The baby, says Dr. Robinson, seizes upon a stick and clings to it with all its strength, appearing to take some rude kind of pleasure in the exercise. It endeavors to raise itself to the objects in its hands, as if trying to crawl upon and along it like a young monkey on the bough of a tree.

No baby needs to be taught this. At once, upon seeing the stick held out before it, the baby stretches out its arms, opening the hands and fingers and seizing hold of it like any acrobat grasping a horizontal bar.

This, thinks Dr. Robinson, is the persistence of a habit derived from remote ancestors. When the baby had grasped the stick it allowed itself to be swung into the air without showing any sign of fear. At the same time, an assistant of the experimenter held a blanket below the child to save it from injury in case it should relax its grasp.

Only when it felt its hold upon the stick begin to loosen because of lack of strength did the child begin to cry. Upon the other hand, the first seizing of the stick excited emotions of pleasure in the breast of the baby.

Mr. J. Holt Schoelling, in considering these facts in an article on birth rate, says that the pictures taken by Dr. Robinson show a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the chimpanzee Sally in the London Zoological Gardens. He says these infants, only a few days old, "demonstrate the persistence of instincts derived from the arboreal habits of their remote ancestors by sustaining their whole weight by the grasping power of the fingers for two minutes and upward."

This writer then goes on to point out some curious facts about babies. Hungary has the highest relative birth rate of any nation in Europe, Austria and Prussia being second and third.

The United Kingdom stands seventh in the list and France is at the bottom. The population of France is almost standing still, and the country would evidently suffer more from a war than any other nation, having no male population to spare.

"In France," says this writer, "the low supply of fresh units to its population is, in part, the result of the deliberate intention of French citizens, a very large section of whom actually despise a woman who gives birth to more than, say, two children, deriving her as a mere 'machine' for the production of babies—to translate a current French expression. With a population that for many years has been stationary or declining, while France's neighbors, who may be her enemies, have been and are rapidly increasing, the question comes: Is France on the down grade?"

"Omitting all other social and political signs, there are at least three sources of danger that threaten France. First, this very low birth rate means a relatively scanty supply of workers and fighters; second, the adult units of the nation shift to an abnormal extent the healthy and invigorating responsibilities of parenthood; third, the poverty of France's yearly supply of fresh units means that France, viewed biologically as a single organism, lacks in an appreciable degree the valuable quality of variety in its atoms which is possessed by other countries with a high birth rate, and which quality necessarily extends as the birth rate increases."

"Thus, both as regards quality and quantity, one is inclined to think that France's very low birth rate is a bad thing for France; before twenty years shall pass our neighbor's abnormality as regards her birth rate may, with other causes, have worked so as even to take fair France out of the list of first class powers. In the long run individuals suffer if they tamper with nature, and a nation is only the addition of its units."

Some interesting facts have been unearthed by this writer on the subject of the birth rate of males as against females. It is a general opinion in England that more females are born there than males. The apparent cause of this belief is that more females are visible in England, the men being at work or away in other countries. As a matter of fact, however, the males preponderate in the birth rate.

In England and Wales the proportion for the last fifty years has been 104 births of males to 100 births of females, but there has been a slight decline in the relative number of males born in recent years. Of the children born in England in every seventy-two is named Smith, which is the commonest name in the country.

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In England and Wales one person out of twenty bears one or other of the five names, Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies. In Scotland one person out of seventeen is named Smith, or McDonald, or Brown, or Thomson, or Robertson.

## FOUR ARKS---NEW NOAH.

Carolina Fanatics Preparing for the Coming of a Second Flood.

The ark is prepared. The modern Noah has arrived. The chosen few are being gathered. The second flood is due December 25.

This is the belief of Joe Lynch and the one hundred members of his "Sanctified Band," down in Eastern North Carolina. The Chowan River is a small stream, but deep enough near Currituck Sound to bear up the four arks of the modern Noah. A short distance to the east lie the treacherous rocks of Hatteras.

After a three-mile ride in a rowboat in a crooked river, the waters suddenly widen, forming a pond-like harbor. Upon the left bank the forest sets well back from the shore, leaving an open space of sandy desert. Here Joseph Lynch fastened his arks. A more isolated spot would be hard to find. The few inhabitants of this region live miles back from the dense river borders, and are generally of an illiterate class to whom deaths and births are of very little concern. These are the people so ready to accept the modern Noah's faith.

Young girls and young men joined the band. Their homes knew them no more. Farmers sold their plantations, deserted their families and followed the band. Wives left their children and husbands at home.

Then came the first trouble for Noah Lynch. It began with the conversion of Matilda Petty, an unsophisticated, pretty country girl, poor but respectable. She took up her abode in the ark of safety. Her father's grief knew no bounds. The story spread until every one within ten miles knew the fate of a virtuous and upright girl.

Friends offered their assistance for release. They would tar and feather both Lynch and his colleague, Sarah Collins, burn the arks and annihilate the "Sanctified Band."

As the appointed time drew near, old muskets and rusty pistols were polished and loaded. But Lynch somehow heard of the plot, and one night told the band of the danger. His message was: "Depart ye hence; delay not, for the enemy cometh." They weighed anchor and floated down to the Sound. For days they floated in the desolate Currituck Sound. Finally they drifted into the mouth of the Chowan River and arrived at their present resting place, probably the most desolate section upon the North Carolina coast. Here they have rested since the 1st of August.

"Angels of the Sanctified Band" were sent out among the neighbors, inviting them to the meetings. Many came, but few returned to their homes without a vague unrest within their breasts. The hypnotic spell took a more firm hold upon the young men and young girls than upon their parents, and they went again and again. Converts were easy.

All went well until another poor young girl named Lizzie Bell Pearsall suffered the fate of Matilda Petty after she joined the "Sanctified Band." The band now numbered 120 souls. The more conservative people became alarmed, and finally a letter was sent to Governor Carr, at Raleigh, N. C., asking for help. Then the neighbors of the Pearsall family, who had lost a daughter, decided to help themselves. The formalities of the law were too slow.

"Twas Friday night, August 20, a great revival was going on. The hand clapping, shouting and praying became louder. They were in the middle of the song:

Don't you want to go over dere,  
Where de sanctified band stays;  
If yer dere, my dear brother,  
You'll hab to git on de ark;

Come long, sisters, git on de ark,  
Come long, sisters, git on de ark.

The song was interrupted by the sentinel, who announced the distant patter of many horses' feet. The meeting ended, and Joe made the unbelievers go ashore, and the sanctified ones prayed before seeking a refuge. But not once did Lynch or his band flinch. They all repaired into the ark. The flood came, but it was not of water.

The rattle and crash of firearms, the bulging puttering against the ark, told Joe Lynch and his followers that the Carolina Regulators had arrived. In the melee Patty Watkins, one of the loudest shouters in the "Sanctified Band," was struck by a bullet and died within half an hour.

With solemn ceremony she was buried, and many tears were shed at her grave. Sunday morning the arks moved down the stream about ten miles. The neighbors promise not to molest them so long as they confine their Mormonistic ways among their own crew, but they are warned not to set foot on land to uphold "sanctification."

A citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich., believes he has solved the problem as to whether life is worth the struggle. In his own particular case, there is no doubt but what he is glad to be alive, and the information regarding it he agrees to send free to any man who will take the trouble to write for it. From his statement, it seems that for many years he suffered with extreme nervousness.

Like many others, he tried various remedies offered by specialists, and it was this experience that drove him to a little study and research for his own benefit. He asserts that his twenty years' suffering, both mentally and physically, was turned to unbounded joy in a single night when he read a new combination of medicine, which he felt that he needs something that will brace him up and enable him to be prepared for any undertaking which may present itself. There is no question but what in his individual case the remedy was as described, and it seems quite probable that almost any man who believes himself to be weak may profit by sending for this free prescription. Many people wonder how he can afford to send this prescription free, but it costs him but little to do so, and he feels a philanthropic interest in giving ailing men an opportunity to cure themselves. A request to H. C. Olds, Box 1107, Kalamazoo, Mich., for his free prescription will be promptly and privately complied with.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.  
Write me for free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address, Alzheim Medical Dispensary, Dept. W., Box 770, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.  
A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free.

Claims to Be a Benefactor to Suffering Mankind.

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## CONGRESSMAN MORSE.

Tells the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, Member of Congress from Massachusetts, Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family with Astonishing Benefit.



HON. ELIJAH A. MORSE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

Hon. Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Mass., Member of Congress from Massachusetts, forwards his indorsement of the remarkable curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, together with a letter from his sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, who writes to the people concerning her wonderful cure by this grand restorer of health and strength.

Congressman Morse is a statesman of power and influence in Congress, and his own State holds him in highest honor, having elected him Representative in the Legislature, Member of the State Senate and one of the Governor's Council. A business man of high order, he is known throughout the world as the manufacturer of the Rising Sun Store Polish, which is sold in every nation of the earth.

Congressman Morse says: "My brother's wife received great benefit from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. She has been a long time ill, and other medicines failed. She is greatly improved by the use of Nervura. She had insomnia and nervousness, and can now sleep well. There is no question that Dr. Greene's Nervura is a valuable remedy, and it is a downright benefit to nervous affections."

Mr. Morse's sister, Mrs. Albert F. Morse, of Canton, Mass., says:

"I had been in feeble health for 23 years, and had employed all the usual means for cure without much benefit. I have had many hemorrhages of the lungs, with severe neuralgia and insomnia."

"My friends had used and knew of the good results from Dr. Greene's Nervura, and recommended its use to me. I have now used three bottles, and received help from the very first. I have now become so

much benefited that I can say that I am in the best health that I have enjoyed for three years. I sleep well and soundly, and my food does not distress me at all. "I can heartily recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura to any person on account of its good effects on myself and friends."

Surely no one who reads this positive proof of the marvellous power of Dr. Greene's Nervura to make the sick well, the powerful indorsement of this grandest of medicines by one of Massachusetts' foremost statesmen, will hesitate another instant in seeking the sure road to health by using Dr. Greene's Nervura.

It is what the world of sufferers needs. It is the great cure for weakness, nervousness, tired-out bodies, shaky, unsteady, weakened nerves. It gives power and strength to nerves and body, with restored vigor and renewed vitality; makes rich, red blood, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaints. It ban